
KELLY'S CORNER

by Jan Kelly

The great horned owl has eggs in the nest. The cardinal is clearly sending his melodic mating song and skunks race past your bike on an early-morning Commercial Street like any foraging cat. Imbolog was February 2nd, winter's halfway point, so we are on the fading side of winter and the building of spring. Winter is wonderful and I'm always sad to see January pass because the rest of winter goes so quickly. But spring lures us and when it is Spring we will be in love with that time, too.

What do you do in Provincetown in the winter? Our sleepy little fishing village has less sleep and less fish than you think. True, there are quiet spaces, but is there anything like January for light, for solitude, for rest, and preferred study? Hannibal crossed the Alps once more for me and Sir Gavin DeMeers swears he has the route right this time versus Livy's 2 millenium-old theorized route. The work, newly translated from the Dutch, was worth reading for language alone. Words we confine to nouns become adjectives and adverbs almost at will, but they work and they show me once again: who studies and uses a language strengthens it. How? By readers like ourselves using their innovations in thoughts, letters, and conversation. After Hannibal, I went through Henry Adams' education again and short works of Alfred de Musset. January is the best month for time, plenty of it.

The people who made New Years resolutions were very aware of it. I can't remember a year with so many volunteers to give up smoking. Smoking habits have changed so much. It used to be the non-smoker was the odd one. Now the smoker is odd and the trend gets stronger every year. Donn Hagerty was the first one I spoke with. I had to speak loudly, though. Donn was drumming his fingers so loud. Bonnie Fuoco said she would stand in back of a car and breathe in the exhaust fumes before she would smoke another cigarette. Collette Sullivan lines up four cigarettes in the morning and tells herself that's it for the day. The number will go to three, then two, then one, then zero. Joan Horvath doesn't stop in January, too much of a shock. She starts in February and can usually manage to stay off the killers until May. This is every year, of course, so Joan figures she gives her lungs a 3 month rest every year. Debbie Shaw said she feels like a brat baby. If she can't have a cigarette she wants what she wants when she wants it which is always immediately. Cheryl Cohen puts a big "X" on each date of the calendar with a little drawing of a burning cigarette next to it. Cheryl gave it up once before for seven years and though she was spartan and didn't cheat once, she wanted a cigarette every single day of the seven years. It really makes you wonder about the control of nicotine.

Diets were another group. Someone told me of a new

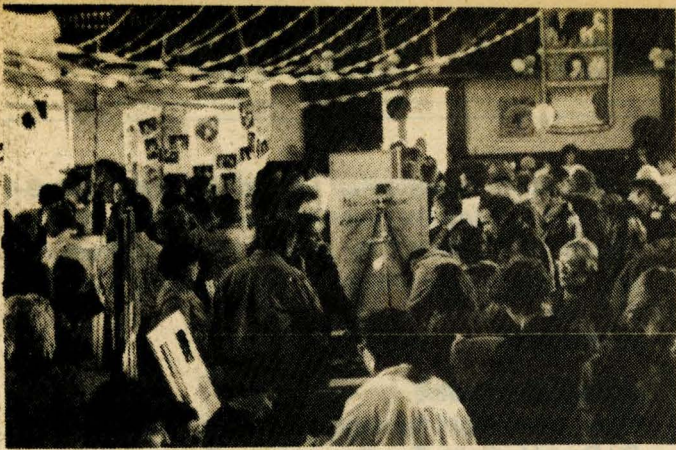
planned, frozen, complete-meal diet plan. Each serving has only 35 calories. Can you imagine that? A percentage of the world is starving. Tribes are on the move and we've developed immaculately wrapped and frozen 35-calorie meals. I know it's difficult abstaining from pleasures because "it's good for us" but temperance is itself the most violent of aphrodisiacs and satiety can bring tedium.

The Superbowl was such an exciting time. As I was sipping a morning coffee, I began to feel left out. Not being a football fan, I've never thought of Superbowl, but it was the Patriots. As the tension mounted during the day, I resolved to turn it on. If for nothing else, to see the lineup expressions and the size of normal people next to the players. I found out Refrigerator was a person, not a term, so I finally understood Frank Hurst's jokes of the past week. Ten minutes was enough for me, but then my phone started to ring and my door was knocking. I had a room full of people in fifteen minutes. Cable blacked out and frantic fans knew I don't have cable. I was stuck with it.

The Year Rounders' Festival was the biggest party ever and the best. Howie Schneider called me in November and asked me what I thought of the idea. "Great," I said, and we got to work during that phone call. Booths and tables of all the non-profit functions in Town 12-4, dinner 6-8, talent show 8-10, and music and dancing 10-1. That was the basic and original idea and that's what happened. The Festival will be annual and is for people who were born here and chose to stay and people who moved here and chose to stay. Provincetown is like an extended family. By geographical proximity as well as choice we are more involved with each other than most communities. The skeleton of the extended family because full-fleshed February 5th from noon to 1 am.

Dot Cook and Edith Thomas thought it was wonderful to sit and talk with people they haven't seen for long periods of time, and to be all together at once with no responsibility but to enjoy yourself was a gift to everyone. The forty-five booths and tables were no trouble. Each organization took care of their own display, putting it up and breaking it down. We took care of tables and chairs. When I asked at 3:45 that we start to dismantle, activity switched to it. At 4:10 all were gone, not a scrap of paper or prop to pick up.

Hundreds of people passed through Town Hall enjoying and learning from the exhibits. No hitches, no incidents, not a baby's cry was heard all day. Laura Green, Paula Schuppert, and Richard LeBlond helped me set up all the tables and chairs for dinner and then I escaped for forty-five minutes to bathe and change for the evening. When I had to wiggle my way in and past the sumptuous food tables and four-deep line of



waiting diners. I have never seen so many people in Town Hall, all having a good time.

The food table was groaning from the generous amounts of food donated by local restaurants. Gene Greene of The Terrace Restaurant was so helpful with the organization of the dinner. Over 600, maybe 700 people were served a delicious meal. Free.

Thanks to Jackson Lambert for the Button and Bumper Sticker design. Thanks to Jay Critchley for organization and design of the poster; to Peggy Christian for organization of the printing of the poster.

Sorry we couldn't have the Linguica Trio. Anthony Russell, mandolinist, was not well. Sorry we didn't have the Jug Band. They had a previous engagement out of town.

The Provincetown Bookstore Recorder Group played through dinner and whoever wanted to croon or play through dinner did. Then the Choral Society kicked off the talent show after dinner. Heaton Vorse came next with original tunes and *I Don't Want To Play In Your Yard*, which he sang in the film, *Reds*. Briana Caton, aged 8 and who played violin, followed 84 year old Heaton with Bach's *Bouree* by Bach on the violin.

Wendy Haggerty yodeled. Well, she does live in the West End, and the talent went on and on until Jay Critchley did a conceptual art piece to (S)Old Cape Cod. Half the town was on stage for that number: bikes, skateboards, roller skates, tourists, beach bunnies, body builders, and the Provincetown High School Cheerleaders. Then Magic and the Reggae Band kept us dancing and happy till 1 am.

What a smooth and fun day. No problems. Preparing a gourmet dinner for eight would have been more difficult. Sixteen hours in Town hall and I wasn't bored or tired for a moment. Besides meetings and simplified preparation, I had Laura Green at one elbow for sound, lights, and equipment. I had Dickie Rowe at the other elbow for mobility and any in-house problems. The mechanics were handled by these two people. Howie Schneider handled the dinner and the bar.

Superb, smooth, and because of so many willing to have a good time. I'm sure Howie did, too. We're already preparing for next year. Your posters of Year-rounder's photographs and your Yearrounder buttons will be collectors' items. Can you see in 1996 when many of us will be wearing ten buttons to the event?

P'Town Pulsations, Marianne Maloney's aerobic class joined the Third Annual Aerobathon for the Heart Foundation on February 15th of Valentine's weekend at the Marriot Long Wharf in Boston.

The ballroom was packed all day long. Lines of leotarded and tights figures followed the aerobic routines of teachers from around the state. Most were in their 30's but babies, children, adolescents, and seniors dotted the lines.

The Senior Citizen Group performed a low-impact aerobic routine to Glenn Miller and Benny Goodman tunes. Twenty of Marianne's students practiced a 20-minute, high-impact aerobic routine to be performed to and for these hundreds of other aerobic athletes from twenty-six other clubs from around the state. We were slotted from 3:20 to 3:40. Boldly clad in bright-red tee shirts and black tights we jumped, kicked, and reached in all directions to show our stuff and to raise money for the Heart Foundation. We raised \$1000, a goodly amount for this small town on the tip of the Cape. Dot Sanderson counted that \$1000 so many times. From \$1 on, she counted in her sleep for days.

When our performance was over, we showed how we could play as hard as we worked. Nerves were flayed with copious amounts of champagne and Margaritas. After the Jacuzzi, pool, and Tanorama, we were off to show all of Boston a good time and did. We did insist that Priscilla Jackett, Debbie Hann, and Katie Frischmuth change from their aqua shooters' outfits; it was just too cold outside. We laughed for joy for hours. We were considered the most athletic: the ones who "really sweated."

Our tapes were superior because they were mixed by MaryAlice Kalaghan, professional disc jockey. MaryAlice's tapes are superior because the beats per minute are matched. The songs, because of the matched beats, are continuous and the performers can go through the routine smoothly. The others' tapes were random songs and they faded to silence until the next song started.

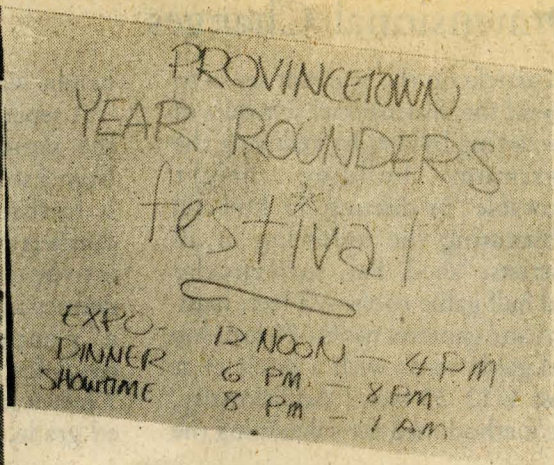
Marianne looked great up there on stage, her lionmane hair waving in the pink lights, her smile genuine. Ask Marianne Maloney of P'Town Pulsations what she liked best about the day? That her students raised \$1000. She was so proud of them and said she didn't have anything to do with the fundraising. Isn't that our modest Marianne? We've got the whole day on tape. Cathy Kacergis Oliver operated Cathy Skowron's video camera. When we want a good laugh, we can show it at class.

The weekend of February 28th, March 1 and 2, Eleanor Meldahl, art teacher of the Nauset Regional Middle School, and Art Conn will present a showing of children's art at the DeBerry Gallery across from the Post Office. Eleanor said the imagination, clarity, and skill of these works could shame us as adults. The opening will be February 28th from 6-9. Lighten your heart with a visit to this showing and expand your art knowledge with a visit to Dennis DeBerry's rich and varied gallery.

A Party's a Party in Provincetown



Joel Macara, Freeman Watson, Jr., and Tim Caldwell, members of the Provincetown Fire Department, Engine Company 4



the serving didn't stop until everyone was fed



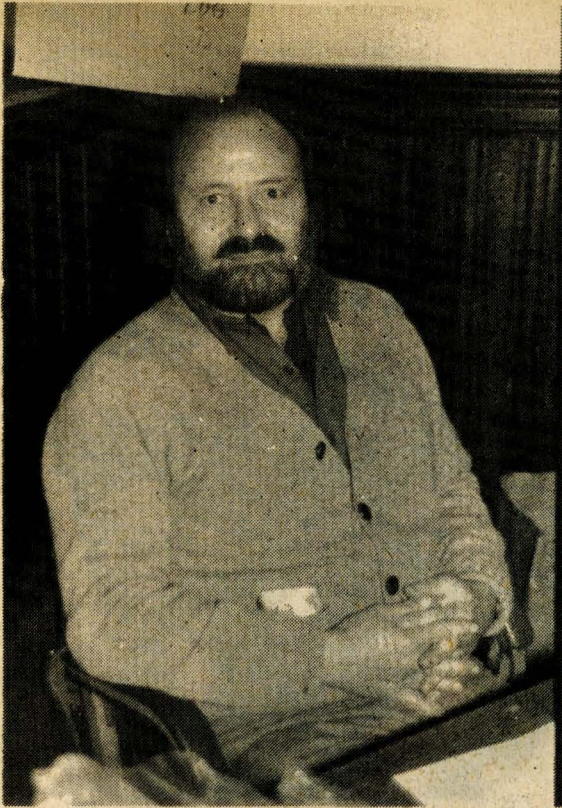
pass the butter, please

Put 700 year-round residents together for a good time and what do you get? You get enough information to write a book on organizations in Provincetown, enough food to feed an endless line of hungry people, and enough entertainment to satisfy any and all tastes in song and dance.

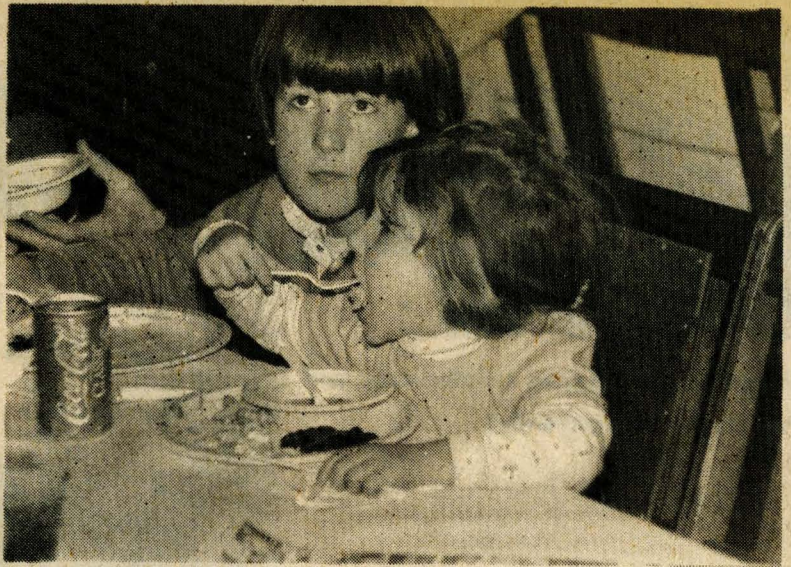
The Yearrounders Celebration brought out the best of everyone in town. Forty-four organizations set up tables for an exposition and were more than happy to answer questions and demonstrate what their group was all about. Restaurants supplied food, food, and more food. Whenever the pots looked as though they

were almost empty, someone would carry in another huge vessel filled to the brim with freshly prepared culinary specialties. Many people took part in the entertainment. They sang. They danced. They were out to have a grand time and a grand time it was.

Everyone deserves a hearty round of applause for their efforts to assure the first Yearrounders Celebration went off without a hitch, and let's not forget all of you who attended the party. You, the year-round population of Provincetown, were the honored guests of what will hopefully become an annual event.



many thanks to Howie Schneider for the idea



everyone, young and old, participated in the Yearrounders Festival



Steve and June of the Gym



dinner music provided by the Provincetown Bookshop Chamber Players



meals prepared by pros
PROVINCETOWN MAGAZINE 15



*Maggic and the Reggae's supplied music and
"we danced the night away"*



Linda Weinstein



Jan Kelly, Anne Kane Jr., and Wendy Haggerty



Ken Shea of the National Park Service and inquiring residents